

Almost the Last.

The allotted years are almost spent,

The march, the battle, hunger, cold,

Shall soon no more be proudly told.

Shall tell the story of your deeds:

Your path of glory only leads

To the forgotten things of men.

So be it. 'Tis the common lot,

Or faintly glimmers for a day, is here, is there, and then forgot

The consciousness of duty done

Is yours forever. Earth recedes. On other shores the meed is won.

In this great land's supremest needs

The Man With the Musket.

(By Rev. Howard S. Taylor.)

Soldiers pass on from this rage of re

This ant hill commotion and strife.

Pass by where the marbles and bronzer

With their fast frozen gestures of life

On out to the nameless who lie 'neath

Your man is the man with the sword

But the man with the musket is mine

knew him, by all that is noble I knew

This commonplace hero I name. I've camped with him, marched with

him, fought with him, too.

That the throb of this chivalrous prair-

taken a part f his canteen and blanket and

Of the pitying cypress and pine.

look down

the gloom

known

and the plume.

-Ohio

The individual fades away;

The sufferings, the wounds and ills, The tale of which the bosom thrills

perish with you. Bard nor pen

Your eyes are dim, your form is bent,

death stands threatening at the

Oh, soldier of the civil war,

MEMORIAL DAY

"God Chose These Men to Die As Teachers and Types, That to Humble Lives May Chief Award be Made: That From Lowly Ones, and Rejected Stones, the Temple's Base is Laid."-John Boyle O'Reilly.

I Mourn the Living Absent; Thou the Present Dead. (By Hattie Horner-Louthan.)

Upon the grave of thy beloved dead I lay this wreath, bedewed with tears thou'st shed. Why weepest thou? Hast thou not told

The sweet communion thou dost hourly How in the night his fingers clasp thine How, day or night, thou art no more He speaks with thee, thine onward way

to guide, way that leadeth upward to his side. Thou'st said that thou art his; that u wilt be With him thruout the soul's eternity.

No grave have I for flowers and tears this day.

My well-beloved one is far away. Between us lies a world of waters wide; Stern danger, sterner duty by his side. We are apart; the hopeless miles how cold!

No arms of flesh nor spirit 'round me No warm lips in the darkness find my For me thy tears be shed this darksome Had I thy faith—nay, do not chide me

"We'll meet again?" Oh, God, how can I know? "In heaven," you say, "our souls from flesh set free."

I want him here, thru love's eternity! For me thy tears be shed this darksome

Thine is but dead. My love is far away! The Glorious Stars and Stripes. ("Our National Flag," a Fourth of and son which was in vogue over 60

years ago, and sent in by Comrade M. C. Dunn, Veterans' Home, Napa, Cal.) Son: Father, look up and see that Flag, how gracefully it files; Those pretty Stripes they seem to be the rainbow in the skies.

Father: It is your country's Flag, my son, and proudly drinks the light r ocean wave in foreign clime, a symbol of our might.

Son: Father, what fearful noise is that, like thunder in the clouds Why do the people wave their hats and rush along in crowds?

Father: It is a day of jubilee, the glad shouts of the free It is a day of memory dear, shout you Son: Father, I wish I were a man; I'd

fire my cannon, too, And cheer as loudly as the rest; but, Father, why don't you? Father: I'm getting old, but still my

heart is full of joy.

Ive witnessed many a day like this. Shout you aloud, my boy. Son: Hurrah for freedom's jubilee, God

bless our native land. And may I live to hold the boon of freedom in my hand. Father: Well done, my son. Grow up

and love the land that gave you birth: The land where freedom loves to dwell, a paradise on earth.

Bugle Calls. (By Capt. W. I. Green, Quincy Home.) Sunlight and shadow scattered o'er A checker'd tangle on th' floor Of Nature's pathway. From the spray Of quaking asp, from brambles gay, And every bush the way along Float mellow notes of vagrant song. To song and water's sweet refrain The pines' low murmurs add a strain. O'er mountain heads a blending sky. You'd not forget it, nor will I, This wide expanse of baffling wood,

Unbroken wilds and solitude From "Right forward fours right To "Column left" our bugles peal. In blue and gold a living arch, The "Dandy Fifth" at "countermarch.

"Hostiles in force" our bugles play Along the pass right merrily. Thru vistas on the mountain's side, In all the glory, pomp and pride Of chivalry, the rebel foe. 'On left to line" our riders go. A battle's on; war's flaming guns Race level lances with the sun's Thru briery meads, deserted ranch, Drives on the foe war's avalanche. In seamless shrouds of blinding smoke

The swift recoil from saher stroke, And over all the ceaseless blare Of warring bugles everywhere Above that sullen, rushing roar Of shotted guns the valley o'er.

War ponies beat a swift retreat. How grinds the gravel 'neath their feet. From every brake, from every draw, A going Confed, lantern-jaw,

To break away and madly race Along the pine scrub's windy trace. n **"Hell for Sartin's" banks of brown

Night's somber curtain's dropping down: Dull, level rays of sunset bathe Alike the "soldler's grave" and wave gleaming waters in their flow to lower zones and Mexico.

Southern for trail.

(By J. W. Powell, 16th Ind. L. A., from '61 to '65, The Pierpont, Washington, D. C. Rights reserved.)

Ah, who shall be, of all the throng-Of all the mighty, mighty host— The last to chant the battle song, The song that rang from coast to

The last of all the Boys in Blue, Who, firm of step and lithe of limb, stood where the zipping bullets flew Across the battle's eddying brim?

les, stood and fought on mountain side, In open field, where thousands fell, Where men were killed, where soldiers

Midst harrowing scens of darkest hell. of all the millions in the field

Who went from city, town and farm, The last of all of them to yield— The last to feel death's dread alarm? Oh, God, the pathos of the thought-The last of all that noble band Who universal freedom bought With patriot blood, thruout the land!

ransom, not for slave alone, But Freedom—Freedom for the hind Who flees the despot's sceptered throne, Broad as God's love, for all mankind.

With steps infirm and eye that's dim, With silvered hair and tott'ring form, He'll stand alone with visage grim The last who dared the battle's storm.

His sun, behind the western hill Will sink, alas! to rise no more; E'en now its rays slant 'cross the sill And fall athwart an open door.

Full nigh, indeed, the day is past Night drops her curtain all around. tlert, he lists the trumpet's blast, And calmly waits for Taps to sound But, ah, the mem'ry of the past

(That past so full of great events), If lingering with him to the last, Will yield its meed of recompense.

Again he hears the bugle sound "To arms!" the picket's fitful fire, The cannon's reverberations bound From hill to hill, from spire to spire.

He builds in haste the earthen wall, To fife and drum he steps, and feels Laughed with him, cried with him. The elbow touch when comrades fall, He sees the shattered column reels

As, 'merging from some deep ravine, Or pushing thru the soft morass, He drives an entering wedge between Was an answering stroke of my own. Where reinforcing columns pass.

He hugs the earth 'mid filth and grime;

Come swinging in to "our" relief.

He hears the wild, victorious shout,
 As comrades force their stubborn way
 And put the vanquished foe to rout

Old Glory waving overhead;
Then all grows dark—the curtains fall.
Alas! the grand old man is dead.

Grant at Rest.

(By James J. Meehan.)

Not like the tombs where sleep Egyp-

Gone are the steeds of strife and battle

folded the hands and quiescent the

Raised up by bondmen driven from

He sees the white flag on the wall,

And sees reserves at double time

Amid the carnage and the fray

brief.

tian kings.

He hears the thud, thud, thud so



knew him, I tell you, and also I knew When he fell on the battle-swept ridge. That the poor battered body that lay there in blue Was only a plank in the bridge over which some should pass to a fame. That shall shine while the high stars

shall shine Your hero is known by an echoing name. But the man of the musket is mine

knew him, all thru him the good and Ran together and equally free; But I judge as I trust Christ will judge the brave lad,

For death made him noble to me. In the cyclone of war, in the battle's eclipse, Life shook out its lingering sands, And he died with the names that he loved on his lips, His musket still grasped in his hands

Up close to the Flag my soldier went In the salient front of the line. You may take for your heroes the men

f renown, But the man of the musket is mine

> The Land Is Holy. N (By Isaac McLellan.)

The land is holy where they fought And holy where they fell; For by their blood that land was

The land they loved so well. Southern for trail.

Mountain stream in East Tennessee. The god of battles heard their cry.

And sent to them the victory.

Abraham Elifcoln, its (By H. John Beckwith,)

shells.
And red the sky with wafted camp-While strong men's blood is crying from the dells. O'er lea and wolld rings out the trumpet's blow.

Descried are the homesteads Chare the In the long ago days when the storm But still-with tolling bells &er those who felllew men, new fighting blood the coun-

try vields. war is on-a war but blood car

blue-grass springs; And dawn of day is breaking from the

But once a year the drumsticks sound again A roll upon the wardrums of the Unheard by living ears. But in the

vast And silent cemeteries of the slain The call is heard, and from each grave, Out of the kingdom of the hero-dead There comes the sound of time-kept

in volume swelling like a mighty wave. Again the trumpets call, and from the Of capitols the standards disappear, The shadow forms are gath'ring far and near.
In rag-worn uniforms in line they fall.

And in the Winter morning's gray, chill They march once more-from out of space— The Blue and Gray, till face to face They meet with but a single grave be

The rusty guns are fired in salute. The standards slowly lowered to the ground;

But from the somber shadows not a

As silently they pay their mute tribute. And then behold-across that grave-Where meet again the Blue and Gray, Two armies in their full array,

The South, the North, the free-bought slave. The hands are clasped, no longer foes. But brothers of the land of free, The land of Grant, the land of Lee,

One Nation strong-born from its woe And as they stand there hand in hand, The million heroes, young and old, Out of that grave, from out the cold form appears, so gaunt and tall. A war-scourged Nation's sorrow Furrowed deep upon his brow,

He stands there towering over all.
That million—part but of the price
He paid—and yet a peace and rest, Immeasurable as the sunset peace in West, Shines from his deep-set, steel-blue

in ill-dressed, awkward, haggard form; The man who weighed the loss as well the gain, Who knew the million would not die

storm. And as he stands there in the dawn of And as they great him with the cry In peace: "God blyss you Father Abraham!" of pam

smile like sunshire o'er a rippling Blides o'er the sadness of his haggard His hands are raised towards the

skies of blue: Out of the graves' in africable maze. Thou heard the cry; their fives they

upon the r grave. That was my hope, my dream, my con- The brave corn lifts 'n regiments solution.

Ten thousand sabers in the sun;
And, lo! the dream fulfilled! Behold The ricks replace the battle tents, the greatest Nation!"

As long as lips shall sing The praise shall ring

clay.

shore to shore Of Lincoln, hut-born, poor, as Christ of A purer, stronger, nobler man, whose marryr blood was shed;

They fought for peace, for peace they fell; Whose soul did weep alke with friend They sleep in peace, and all is well.

Who bore deep in his heart a Nation's The fields forget the battles fought, bleeding woe.

The trenches wave in golden grain; Dark was his dawn, and darker still his Shall we neglect the lessons taught, But God himself had molded soul and

Many Years Agone.

(Selected.) 'Twas many years ago the news of Sumter's fall Roused the Nation's ire and woke the And Janus rests with rusted door. trumpet's call-The call of "Father Abra'm" sounding loud and long. And, lo! an army rose, "300,000 strong."

They came from hill and dale, from school and shop and farm: They came from every place-a patriot-

the parting hand Then bravely marched away to save our native land.

Thus many a noble boy fell in that aw-And, sacrificing all, they saved the Na-

Dear boys, we're growing old; our locks have turned to gray; The ranks are thinning out; they're fading fast away: The Captain of the Guard is on his final

round, And soon we all shall bivouac on our last camp ground,

The dear old Flag that once a ruthless hand did seize. We leave it all unstained and floating in And when the soldier boys are sleeping

in the grave, Then ever let "Old Glory" proudly o'er them wave. oh, the years—the speeding, speeding

they fly-see how they fly! And the evining time is drawing nigh At the setting of the sun and the final battle won, We shall camp again in the glad by-

Peace With Honor.

(By James Russell Lowell.) Better that all our ships and all their Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamles Each torn flag waving challenge as it

afar,
Is thy last home; a song of glory rings
Above the cannon of forgotten war. went. And each dumb gun a brave man's monument. now; Furled are the flags that billowed Than seek such peace as only cowards Give me the peace of God or of the

brave.

That faced their call and knew their Wants Some Post Cards. Oh, River flowing onward by the shore, Keep green the grass that rises from the sod Where men that are shall falter nevermore,

And slaves that were uplift free hands to God!

James Warriner, of Blue Rapids, Kan., is going to have a birthday, and wants a postal card shower. On July 17 he will be 73 years old. Comrade Warriner enlisted Aug. 10, 4862, serving in Cos. I and C, 124th Ill., and was discharged in September, 1865, at the close of the wer. James Warriner, of Blue Rapids,

The Unknown Dead. (By Capt. W. F. Henry.)

The air is rent with bursting bombs and Do you ask me why we are here to day? Why we scatter the flowers of Spring? dinates to ride with all haste toward Why, with the roses and blossoms May, bring?

> of war Swept o'er our land with poisonous Bringing to hearthstones black despair, Reaping a harvest of pain and death.

The roar has ceased, and peace and stillness fall at last.

From out the blood-kissed sod young blue-grass springs.

In the'r life's young manhood forth they went, Answering duty and country's call, war-torn past,
nd time is hiding death-wounds Knowing full well what duty meant, Offering country their lives and all.

> Out from their homes where love was queen, Leaving behind those dearer than life: Braving the dangers, seen and unseen

Bearing their part in the deadly strife.

Leaving behind hearts breaking with again 'ould meet those dear ones and find relief From the awful burden of heart-

fell in the battle, on hillside, in dell. The place where they sleep is forever unknown, 'heir life's blood ran out and they rest where they fell,

Their heroic deeds we ever will own.

breaking pain.

In unknown graves they rest where

they fell. heir names are enrolled with heroes who fought, And laid down their lives that the Nation might stand; On history's page we may learn what they wrought

When the whirlwind of war swept over the land. The winds sing a dirge thru the cypres and vine. O'er the graves of dead heroes who fell in the fray; They gave up their lives for your cause and mine. In honor of them we strew flowers

to-day. Their names are unsung by poet of sage, No monuments mark the lone graves where they lie, But their deeds are recorded on his

tory's page. And the banner they fought for still floats in the sky. in vain; The man who saw the sun behind the And so, we have gathered the flowers of Spring.

And strew them in honor of the un-known dead, And with them the perfume of grati-For freedom now lives by the blood that they shed.

The People's Song of Peace. (By Joaquin Miller, from "The Song of the Centennial.") grass is green on Bunker Hill, The waters sweet in Brandywine

The sword sleeps in the scabbard still, The farmer keeps his flock and vine That stronger might my country rise With vaunt of battlefield or fray?

> The hannered tassels tess and run These be but stories of the past. The earth has healed her wounded breast.

The cannons plew the field no more; The heroes rest! Oh, let them rest

And tear the wounds agape again? Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land, And heal her wounds with gentle hand

Lo! peace on earth! Lo! flock and fold! Lo! rich abundance fat increase And valleys clad in sheen of gold! Oh, rise and sing a song of peace! For Theseus roams the land no more,

The Heroes Rest.

(By S. M. Butt.) Do you see on yonder hill Headstones gray with moss and still, Sentries of the present day, Marking where a hero lay? There is history written there, They bade adjeu to friends, and gave On these gravestones, cold and bare, the parting hand Heroes rest beneath this clay

It was from the Canton plain, Into the fray they charged, 'mid storm and shot and shell;
They boldly dared the hot and hungry Waiting for the Judgment Day;
Men of brawn and courage came From the city and the plain, Stalwarts for their country's cause, Succors of its civil laws

Mother gave her only son At the call in sixty-one, And his heart with joy did thrill; Now he sleeps on yonder hill. When the Dons in ninety-eight Sent the Maine to its sad fate, Thousands rushed these ranks to fill; Many rest beneath that hill,

Let us crown the silent grave Let us write the hero's name In the present Hall of Fame. Let the distant future know These were heroes long ago. That won the cause that made them

In sixty-four and ninety-eight.

The Call of "Yesterday." (By C. E. Allyn, Los Angeles, Cal.) Behold them, marching down the street With halting steps and progress slow. Those are the men whose sprightly feet Marched to the conflict years ago. They heard our country's call for aid, When armed rebellion filled the land; They heard the call, but unafraid,

Marched forth in battle line to stand. They marched and fought on many fields, Where war's red carnage held full vated ground on Lomax's right—that is, sway;

Ah, those were days that "tried men's souls"— When men of worth gave up their all By writing names upon the rolls For life or death at Lincoln's call.

Then, when the victory was complete, Like noble heroes from the strife, Clasped hands with those who bore de-Each pledged to guard the Nation's

And some are left to "fall in line,"
To strew with flowers their comrades. clay, Until the coming of that time— The last roll call from "yesterday."

THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN

(Continued from page one.)

th the roses and blossoms of Richmond, and interpose between the Union cavalry and the Confederate capital. How many men he gathered in front of Sheridan we cannot know. John Esten Cooke says that he only got about 4.000 there, and other Confeder-ate historians, with their customary eagerness to minimize their defeated forces, follow Cooke's estimate. This is often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's obviously a glaring understatement. The Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver worst thing for Stuart was that his mis- and bladder remedy, fulfills almost conception of Sheridan's plans made every wish in relieving pain in the him terribly overwork his men and back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every horses in order to concentrate them for the defense of Richmond, and when they arrived at the point of concentra-pain in passing it, or bad effects followtion near the Yellow Tavern both men ing the use of liquor, wine or beer, and and animals were faint with hunger overcomes that unpleasant necessity of and worn out by fatigue. Stuart real-being compelled to get up many times ized this, as he did the alarm of Jeffer-son Davis and others over the near ap-proach of the hated Yankees, and he effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. sent a dispatch to Richmond to cheer it stands the highest for its wonderful them, saying that "his men and horses results in the most distressing cases If were tired, jaded and hungry, but all you need a medicine, you should have right." Stuart was one of the most the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent interesting personalities in the whole and one-dollar sizes. Southern Confederacy, and was intensely admired and loved by his people. J.

person could see at a glance his whole nature—that he was young, ardent, ambitious, fond of applause, but brave, devoted and ready to die for the cause which he firmly regarded as the right. the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's His gayety and fondness for bright colors, music, adventure and hard fighting hamton, N. Y., on every bottle. were simply the outcome of the strong health and zest of life in the man. He was full of animal spirits, delighted in jests and practical jokes, was a thoro soldier and cavalryman from natural taste, and no doubt enjoyed all the Their heroic deeds we ever will own.

They gave their young lives that the Nation might live:
They bared their breasts to the shot and shell;
To country they gave all they had to give.

They find pomp and circumstance of war to the utmost, but this was only one side of the picture. It may be said, indeed, to have been only the surface.

Under the laughing demeanor of Stuart the cavalryman and good comrade was the hard tiber and genuine military genius of Stuart the commander. That pride, pomp and circumstance of war to the utmost, but this was only one

HOW TO FIND OUT

Fill a bottle or common glass with rill a bottle of common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling usually indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. Too frequent desire to urinate, scanty supply, pain or dull ache in the back, should also convince you that the kid-neys or bladder are out of order.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, Esten Cooke says with regard to him: and a book that tells all about it, both "Stuart was a man of remarkable sent absolutely free by mail. Address frankness, and the least penetrating Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. you read this generous offer in the Washington Weekly National Tribune. Don't make any mistake, but remember

> The stage was now set for the greatest cavalry battle that the world had ever seen since the hordes of shaggy horsemen swarmed out of the fertile



RUINS OF A TRAIN OF CARS AT BEAVER DAM STATION.

he possessed this hard grain and real and slave labor, meagerly overgrown ne possessed this hard grain and read and slave labor, meagerly overgrown military ability there is no doubt. Gen. With briers, sumac and scrub-plines, Sedgwick said of him that he was the were \$,000 of the cavalry which Stuart best cavalry officer ever foaled in North America. When Stuart took command three long years. No one can deny that at Chancellorsville and went to Jackthese were cavalrymen such as the
son, lying wounded at Wilderness Tavworld has rarely seen, high-spirited
was: Tell Gen. Stuart to act upon h's riding like Centaurs, and fighting in the
own judgment. I have implicit confi-

own judgment. I have implicit confidence in him.'

"On the 12th the cavalry leader's by the best soldiers the Southern Conmood and personal demeanor suddenly underwent a great change. The gayety which everyone had noticed on the day before had disappeared, and the had not lost any portion of the high courage which had always characterized him, he was serious and silent. He had sent a dispatch from Ashland to Richmond, as before stated, and it was a very unusual circumstance that he office either in their own States or unvery unusual circumstance that he office either in their own States or unshould have lost his good spirits as he seemed to have done. He was riding at division was commanded by Wade the head of his column, looking straight | Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee, with the orward, apparently in deep thought, brigade commanders Wickham and Loand seemed to be anxious and a little max. Gen. M. C. Butler, afterwards feverish. For some miles he went on in perfect silence. Those near him then division, with his brigades commanded

'Soon with angels I'll be marching.' "It is said to have produced a deep effect upon those who caught the words, and was afterwards remembered and construed into a presentiment that his

death was near." Gen. Morris Schaff, in his interesting "The Battle in the Wilderness," which has recently appeared in the Atlantic Monthly Magazine, paints with a gifted pen this picture of Stuart: "Everything I hear or read of Stuart

s accompanied with a sense of nearness. I catch sight of his fine features. his manly figure, his dazzling, boyish blue eyes, his flowing, brownly-auburn beard, and hear his voice ringing with either command or glee. It is said that rarely was his campfire lit that he did rarely was his camphre lit that he did not make it joyous, his voice leading in of chorus and song. Nature made him a cavalry leader by instinct, and a very sweet character. All of his Old Army and West Point friends never wearled in testifying to their affection for him. When told that death was very near he asked that 'Rock of Ages Cleft for Me might be sung, and with his falling reath joined as they sang around his When in the field he always wore a yellow cavalry sash and a felt hat with a black plume."

Yellow Tavern.

We are again indebted to J. Esten Cooke for the following description of the place which Stuart had selected to give Sheridan decisive battle:

"The command reached Yellow Tav-ern early on the morning of May 11. The place took its name from a dis-mantied wooden building formerly used as a wayside inn, standing near the junction of the telegraph and moun-tain roads, about six miles north of Richmond. The tavern was a dreary object, with its rotten floors and paneless windows, but the surroundings were cheerful. The woods were bright with May foliage, and the green fields were a pleasant sight. To understand the ground it is only necessary to open the eft hand with the palm upward, the index finger pointing north. The thumb is the mountain road over which Gen. heridan was advancing, and the index finger is the telegraph road, Stuart's oins the hand is the old tavern, of a killed. After being mustered out he faded yellow, standing in an open space rejoined his foster mother at Watseka, east of the forks, and Richmond is at where he has lived ever since, and the the wrist. Stuart rapidly made his dispositions to meet the enemy, who were known to be near. Gen. Wickham was placed on the right, near a wood, his line facing the mountain road, to strike the Federal flank, and Gen. Lomax was the Federal flank, and Gen. Lomax was made to the town say that he has served in the State Legislature, and is now serving his third term as Mayor of Watseka. He is a candidate for Commander of the Department of the wrist. Stuart rapidly made his disdrawn up on the telegraph road, his left for Commander of the Department of extending to the tavern, the two lines Illinois. They fought for right, and would not yield the Stuart Horse Artillery, under command of the bravest and best artillerist of the Confederate army, Maj. James of the Confederate army, Maj. James
Breathed, a Marylander, well known for his dash and bulldog obstinacy. Their dispositions were excellent to meet the attack of an enemy advancing by the mountain or road, and as Stuart had sent his Adjutant, Maj. McClellan, to Richmond to urge an advance of any force there it seemed probable that Gen. Sheridan would be repulsed."

A diary, kept by a Catholic priest, with record of his observations, and names of dying Federal Soldiers to whom he ministered at Andersonville, and later, at Savannah, Ga., has for the first time been made public through the efforts of the Connecticut Association of Ex-Prisoners of War. A most thrilling and truthful account of conditions as he saw them, illustrated by five views of the "bull pen," taken in August, 1864. Mailed to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address George Robbins, 27 West Main St., Waterbury, Conn.

heard him begin to sing in a low tone by Dunovant, Young and Rosser. A the line of a song:

Gen. W. H. F. Lee, with Barringer and Chambliss at the head of its brigades. Many of these men, including Stuart himself, were well known to of them personal friends and regimental associates of our own commanders, Gregg, Merrill and Custer, who now confronted them with a line of 10,000 men, filling the fields in front with a long, sinuous wave of blue, glinting with polished steel and terrible with floating banners of the might and majesty of the United States. It was a great stake for which the battle was to be waged. For the Con-

federates it was the defense of the

Capital, of that which they had delu-

sively hoped was to be a great Nation. the safety of their so-called President, Cabinet, Congress, and the preservation struction. Lee's army was only a few be readily detached to grind the daring Union cavalry to destruction between the millstones of an attack in front and rear. Jefferson Davis confidently hoped for this, and in his superior military wisdom, which Gen. Grant admits was of such service to the Union cause, gave

that would be big with history before he bade it farewell as he descended behe bade it farewell as ne ues

directions that this should be done. The

noonday sun looked down upon a field

Maj. M. H. Peters, of Watseka, Ill., went to Dayton to attend the Reunion of his old regiment, the 74th Ohio, and the only surviving field officer of the He had a varied career in regiment. his youth, being left an orphan in New Orleans and having a hard struggle for life. He finally drifted to the home of poor widow in Springfield, O., where he remained until the war broke when he promptly enlisted in the 16th Ohio, and after that re-enlisted in the 76th Ohio, in which he rose thru all the ranks until promoted to Captain for gallantry on the Atlanta campaign and then enlisted as Major. He was twice papers of the town say that he has

ANDERSONVILLE

PENSIONS, PAY, BOUNTY